THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 178.

MR. SAUNTER,

NOTHING is more frequently the subject of unsatisfactory discussion than the comparative intellectual excellence of the sexes. Many have attempted the adjustment of this delicate question, but have afforded little satisfaction either to male or female, and particularly to the latter. I therefore am induced to renew the attempt, more especially as I feel a far greater interest in the sex which has most frequently deemed itself aggrieved: and with justice, in my opinion, when consigned to an innate inferiority.

Our religion points out no distinction between the souls of men and women, and I believe their intellectual powers exactly equal and similar, save the effects of constitution and habit. For this opinion I think that attention to the effects of these causes on men separately considered, will afford a sufficient basis. The fat and the meagre, the large and the little man, the giant and the dwarf, he who is robust of frame and the invalid, have all characters distinctively marked, and often as dissimilar as male and female. The fat man is phlegmatic and good humoured: the meagre man is choleric, morose and sarcastic; the large man is contemplative, the little man vivacious, he of delicate frame is irascible and irritable, but gives vent to his humour rather in ironical satire, and cutting wit, than in moroseness or choler. Is the person of the giant unwieldy, his wits are mostly so. Is the stature of the dwarf abortive, so are his intellects. The invalid, by the contraction of his powers, and the sphere of their exertion, confers on every thing within his reach a proportionate importance. The length and breadth of his chamber, comparatively with his locomotive power, become latitude and longitude; in the calculation of which he looks big with thought and contemplation, dwindling to a second childhood. To all this it may be added, that the period of the incapacity of old age is less determined by early mental disparity than diversity of constitution.

The frame of the woman being exquisitely delicate, her perceptions and sensibility are equally so; thus, while she is less capable of sustaining or resisting impressions, she is vastly more liable to receive them, experiencing their greatest force and irritative power: but the comparatively coarse organization of the man, while it receives impressions more slowly and with less irritative keenness, so is it less easily actuated to the lively penetration and ready wit of the woman; and for the same reason the equilibrium of his senses, being less liable to disturbance, his judgment is more correct. It appears to me, that in women the diffe-

rence of exterior is accompanied by a diversity of character even to a greater extent than in men; both because it is too much made the standard of their value, and because the greater delicacy of their organization renders them much more rapid in the discovery of neglect or admiration, and much more susceptible of their influence. Hence it results, that there is a mutual reaction between the soul and body, which mutually injures or improves them. This is the cause of a difference between the sexes, but of no disparity. It is true that greatness is more rarely attained by women than by men; but this only results from the infrequency of their attempts to gain it, and from the almost insurmountable opposition they meet with, in the opinion of the world, which is not altogether unfounded. For, to an elevated female, delicacy and tenderness are certainly indispensable, and yet, of all the great passions which agitate the soul, love is the only one which is consistent with these virtues. Vanity, pride, ambition, and the love of glory, all silence the more gentle impulses of sentiment which would distract them from their onward course, while Love mutually cherishes and is cherished by them. Hence it is the only passion to which a woman can yield herself without derogating from the peculiar virtues of her sex, and incurring a consequent degradation in the eyes of the world, which can scarcely be compensated by the eclat of the most brilliant exploits. Probably, in the bosom of a refined female, love is the most celestial sentiment of which human nature is susceptible; but it tends not to intellectual improvement. It exercises and refines the heart, but not the head. It is the impulse of vanity and pride, and still more of ambition and the love of glory, which urge us to the laborious task of mental cultivation. But opinion, which is the very ladder by which men under the influence of these passions strive to climb to the desired eminence, can be of but dubious service to a female whose attempt to ascend it must necessarily cause it to totter, as she thereby indicates the abdication of the peculiar virtues of her sex. It is obvious that in this essay materialism is thrown out of the question. Consistently then with what has been said, we may imagine souls of equal excellence to vary in the degree and nature of their temporal virtue and greatness, according to casual diversity in regard to birth, person, health, education, wealth, and sex: the last being productive of a difference, as has already been stated, but of no disparity, and though not allied with mental inequality, yet attended on the one side by a greater facility for virtue, on the other side for greatness.

ANALYTICUS.

For the Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

Mr. West's grand Historical Picture of the Death of LORD NELSON.

This celebrated Artist, who has so long maintained the first rank in his profession, and whose historical paintings have not only contributed to form the modern English school, but to establish an æra in the art through the principal academies of Europe, has at length completed the picture, for which, in justice to his well-earned reputation and the eminence which he holds in the art, he stood pledged to the public, and his profession.—The pencil which immortalise Wolfe, and British valour, on the heights of Abraham, could not be expected to do otherwise than commemorate the death of a NELSON, and the most splendid victory which has ever been recorded in the annals of the British navy.

It is a just praise to the nation that we have men amongst us, to whom may safely be confided all the immortality which the arts can bestow upon the splendid actions of our heroes and defenders.—A certain French General is said to have lamented, that he lived in an age so barren of literature, that he could not expect even a decent epitaph on his tombstone as a compensation for all the laurels he had earned. In the present times there needs no such subject of regret. Poetry perhaps may fail, but the pencil can still perform its task.

The present picture represents the

death of Lord NELSON in the memorable victory obtained over the fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar. As this picture will not appear in any exhibition, a description of it may not be unacceptable to the lovers of the art, and the public in general.

The subject of the picture being heroic, the artist has considered it under the head of the Epic. He has thus kept the attention constantly fixed upon the Hero, and made every thing subsidiary to him. The dying NELSON is exhibited lying upon the quarter-deck of the ship surrounded by his officers. By this group he first acts upon and excites the feelings of the spectators. Here is his Hero, and, in the language of poetry, his story. The wounded and the dead form the episodes of the piece, and the whole raises a noble climax up to the dying Admiral.

The point of time is the Death of the Hero, and the Victory united.

Lord NELSON lies, with his head falling back, on the breast, and in the arms of his Chaplain. His face and eyes are elevated to heaven. His countenance expresses a most resigned and noble piety, a dignity, and a consciousness of having done his duty to his king and country. In the countenance of NELSON the painter has shewn his powers of exhibiting the most difficult and composite passions with the most natural and tempered correctness. In NELSON there is nothing of affectation; every thing is as simple as was the character of the man; there is a kind of serene and saint-like heroism, the comfort and composure of a dying martyr. This head can never be too much admired; it would be inestimable if considered only as a portrait of the man; for we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best we ever saw.

The position of Lord NELSON on the quarter-deck occupies the middle of the picture; he extends his left hand to Captain HARDY, who affectionately presses it to his bosom, whilst he announces, from a paper, the victory over the enemy, and the number of ships taken. The Surgeon and his Mates are rendering their assistance, whilst an intrepid sailor spreads the Spanish flag at the feet of the dying Admiral, and an officer enters at the same time with the French flag under his arm, but starts back, with marked emotion, upon beholding the situation of his Commander.

The Picture, generally, may be said to consist of two distinct groups. The figures on the left form a group of officers attendant on his Lordship; their countenances express a grave and decent sorrow, and are admirably contrasted with the group on the right, which consists of sailors flushed with the sounds of victory, but checked by one of the Surgeons, who beholds the approach of death in the countenance of NELSON.

Between these figures, all of which are powerfully portrayed and contrasted, are groups of Sailors carrying the wounded to the cockpit, and others rendering their best tokens of regard to the dead.

One of these smaller groups we can never too much commend; we mean that of the affectionate demeanour of a faithful servant over the dead body of his master, Captain ADAIR.

At the poop of the ship are stationed the Marines and their wounded Officers; the Signal Lieutenant, with his Midshipman, and the Master of the ship, with his Navigating Seamen. Under the poop are men stationed at a gun, close to which a Lieutenant is killed.

In the retiring parts of the picture, and the perspective, are seen all the rage and fury of a sea fight,—ships on fire, others sinking, or blowing up; of some the masts are falling; others are nearly buried in their own ruins.

Here every thing is terrible and awful; here is sublimity in the fulness of its horrors.—The groups in this picture are composed of nearly 80 figures, and more than 50 of them are portraits of men and officers actually engaged in battle.

Such is this picture;—of which, independent of its excellence as a work of art, we may truly say, that the circumstances which produced its perfection can never occur again. It is impossible again to collect, in the painting room of the artist, those various groups of men whose portraits are upon the canvass,

and whose individual likenesses were necessary for the fidelity of a composition which aspires to be considered as a work of historical record—a work of truth, and not of fancy.

We shall not enter into a minute criticism; it will be sufficient to say that Mr. West, in this picture, has excelled every thing he has hitherto done.

[*Bell's W. Messenger.*

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

It is some time since I intended sending you the following notice of Dr. Hill, late Professor of Humanity* in the University of Edinburgh. The avocations of a laborious employment prevented me from forwarding the article at the period I first designed. I mention this because it seems now out of date, the Doctor having died in December last.

The following remarks, it is proper to premise, are not of a Biographical nature. With the *life* of this eminent scholar I am but little acquainted. Having, however, attended his class the usual period, I know something of his *erudition*, *talents*, and *wit*.

There are certainly very few scholars of the age so deeply versed in the Latin tongue as was Dr. Hill. His analyses of words and sentences in the course of teaching were always luminous, and often brilliant. By conveying to the minds of his pupils the precise radical meaning of the words under consideration, he gave them correct and satisfactory ideas of their relative power. Owing to his perfect knowledge of the relative signification of the component words, his translation of terms and phrases was often happy. The phrase *inter cultrum et saxum*, in allusion to the devoted animal, he rendered by the Scotch proverb, *between the deil an' the deep sea*. In the *Vita Agricolæ* of Tacitus, where the historian is speaking of the affection that subsisted between the emperor and his wife, he uses the expression, *invicem se anteponendo*: this the professor rendered, in the language of St. Paul, *in honour preferring one another*. In his *Synonima* of the Latin language† he discovers an acumen, and profundity of research, which qualified him in a very superior degree for so learned a work, and evinces that he was a scholar of both uncommon erudition and singular genius.

But the Doctor was not less remarkable for his *wit* than his learning. He was naturally of an irascible temper, and he has been known, "even in the rage and whirlwind of his passion," to be insensibly witty. The late Principal Robertson remarking to him one day, that he had caused a door to be struck out of an inner wall, which would greatly facilitate the passage of the Professors to and from their class-rooms. "Yes," says Hill, "it is *professedly* for the *Professors*, but *principally* for the *Principal*." Mr. Dalzel, the Professor of Greek, used to spell his name with an *i* (Dalziel); but, conceiving it to be clumsy, asked his colleague if he should not leave out the superfluous letter. "By all means, said Hill, "if thine *i* offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee." Being in company once, when a gentleman, a stranger to the Doctor, whose name was Burns, made some reflections on the Professor's character, he remarked to the master of the house, "it is very natural for *burns* to run down *hills*." It was his custom when a student came hastily into the class-room, and forgot to shut the door after him, to call out, *claude ostrum*. A boy one day neglecting the door, his condiscipulus, not waiting till the Doctor would speak, says, in a voice loud enough to reach his ear, *claude ostrum: claude os tuum*, returns the Professor smartly.

Though the Latin was the language he taught, yet, convinced of the truth of Horace's remark, *Graiis dedit ore rotundo musa loqui*, he was no less an admirer of the Greek, and perhaps equally

* *Professor Literarum Humaniorum.*

† The Edinburgh Reviewers criticise this performance with quite as much severity, I think, as judgment.

master of it. He was particularly fond of Demosthenes, and used to say, it was well worth while to study the language merely for the purpose of understanding his orations. His favourite Roman author was Tacitus, whom he considered at once an elegant writer and a profound historian. The Doctor's lectures on Roman antiquities were admired both for the very extensive acquaintance with the subject which they evinced, and the terse and nervous style in which they were written: their publication, I conceive, would be a valuable acquisition to the republic of letters.

P.

For the Port Folio.

[In the new edition of the works of that stupendous medical genius, Dr. John Brown, we find the following curious directions from him to a hypochondriac patient.]

"I know not a more powerful remote cause of melancholy than Young's Night Thoughts. In this book a gloom is thrown upon all nature, that is not cleared off by any consolations of grace, which the author could offer in compensation. The perusal of judiciously and elegantly written history, as Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Stewart's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland, and of the Reign of Mary, together with the reading of light and elegant belles lettres style, as Marmontel's *Contes Moraux*, &c. might afford intellectual pleasure and amusement to our patient.

"The order of his management through the day may be the following:—

"For breakfast toast and rich soup made on a slow fire. A walk before breakfast and a good deal after it, a glass of wine in the forenoon from time to time. Good broth or soup to dinner, with meat of any kind he likes, but always the most nourishing. Several glasses of port or punch to be taken after dinner, till some enlivening effect is perceived from them; and a dram after every thing heavy. An hour and a half after dinner another walk. Between tea-time and supper a game with cheerful company at cards, or any other play, never too long protracted. A little light reading; jocose humourous company; avoiding that of popular Presbyterian ministers, and their admirers, and all hypocrites and thieves of every description. The conversation of the intelligent, the learned, wise and sprightly, would prove balm of Gilead to his afflicted and drooping spirits. Pedants, fops, beaus and puppies would, if introduced to his presence, occasion an hurtful detestation. Lastly, the company of amiable, handsome and delightful young women, and an enlivening glass."

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have already named the qualities and pretensions on account of which I think the Author of the Pursuits of Literature entitled to the esteem and applause of every good and every wise man. I am not blind to his incessant *personal anxiety;* and, after reflection, I have not found myself authorised to deny, that this personal anxiety is a species of *vanity;* a species, however, which, if it have much of the weakness, has not all the other vices of the genus. I shall proceed no further, without offering what, though it be no recommendation of the thing, is, as it appears to me, an unstrained apology for the writer in whom, in this instance, it is discovered.

My apology is a brief one: I rest it on the situation of the author, as the publisher of an anonymous production; a situation which I believe to be of a nature strongly to tempt him to egotism. Writers, who say any thing of themselves, or their work, are commonly egotists. Most prefaces, in which these topics are introduced, are egotistical. But, in proportion as a man feels himself perfectly alone; in proportion as he thinks every curtain drawn between him and the world, he forgoes all restraint, devotes himself to his own person, and removes the bridle from his tongue. Circumstances de-

ceive him; he feels that freedom which belongs to him whom no one hears or sees. When, on the contrary, an author is to show his name, which is as it were his person, along with his book, he comes, more or less, beneath the public eye; he is circumspect; he is reserved; he dreads the laugh; his pride bids him beware of censure. The action of the human faculties is influenced, mechanically, by these particulars. I shall say no more, I merely desire to suggest, in behalf of the individual, that, in the situation of an anonymous writer, a man, without being remarkably vain, may betray a remarkable portion of vanity. He may be a *very vain* author, without being a *very* vain man.

Mr. Oldschool, there are features in the Pursuits of Literature (all of the most honourable character) which cannot escape a single reader. Every one discerns (even without the reiterated comments of the author) the purity of the principles, the independence of the spirit, and, what the author has *not* said, a certain magnanimity, which were brought to the execution of that work. On the talents, zeal, and uprightness of the author, I have before insisted; and it may have seemed tautological, to add the name of *liberality:* but *uprightness*, as applied to an author, may be understood merely of *intention* or *theory;* whereas, liberality is uprightness in practice.

Now, than the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, what other writer, what partisan, what zealous partisan, has spoken with more temperance, with more liberality of those, whose principles, opinions, or conduct, he detested? Is there a single instance in which, however decided his censure, he betrays the *acrimony* of censure?—In this respect, in spite of all that has been said, I do not hesitate to call the Pursuits of Literature a model for satirical writing. The persons who are ridiculed, reproved, or condemned, are touched only in their conduct: the author is no where their personal enemy; he uses no invective; he never impeaches the heart; nor, though he charge them with the misuse of their understanding, does he ever insinuate their want of it. In a word, we did not need the data which he has thought proper to give, to pronounce him a gentleman: he never thinks with the vulgar.

Which, of all the antagonists of Rousseau, has spoken of him with so much *humanity*, along with derision?—I shall transcribe both his poetry and his prose, as they stand, at the commencement of the fourth dialogue:

But chief, Equality's vain priest, Rousseau,
A *sage* in sorrow nurs'd, and gaunt with woe,
By persecution train'd, and Popish zeal,
Ripe with his wrongs, to frame the dire appeal,
What time *his work* THE CITIZEN began,
And gave to France the social savage, Man.

'Rousseau (I speak of him *only* as a 'political writer) by the unjustifiable, arbitrary and cruel proceedings against 'him, and his writings, and his person, 'in France (where he was a stranger, 'and to whose tribunals he was not 'amenable) was stimulated to pursue 'his researches into the origin and expedience of *such* government, and *such* 'oppression (which, otherwise, he probably never would have discussed), 'till he reasoned himself into the desperate doctrine of political equality, 'and gave to the world his fatal present, *The Social Contract.*'

Of the *Social Contract* he speaks in terms sufficiently to the purpose; but, for its author, how much tenderness, how many topics of defence, what philosophical penetration into the causes of error!—He was a *sage, nursed in sorrow*, and *gaunt with woe, trained by persecution*, and *ripe with his wrongs*,—to do what? to *frame the dire* APPEAL:—as if his book had been wrung from him, in the bitterness of his heart;—an APPEAL from his oppressors. He was *stimulated* by *unjustifiable, arbitrary*, and *cruel* proceedings against him, to pursue his researches into the origin and expedience of *such* government, and of *such* oppression, which *otherwise* he probably never would have discussed; till he *reasoned himself* into the most desperate doctrine.

Again, in his critiques on the Political Justice, and the Enquirer of Mr.

Godwin, how much liberality is there not evinced? Are we nauseated with coarse invective? Never. The ridicule invited by the Enquirer, receives the vehicle of playful and gentlemanly humour. The more important character of the Political Justice calls for a different rod; but, does he call names? Never. Still, he is a gentlemen: he speaks as a gentleman to the man; as an apostle, to the doctrine; and who does not see the energy imparted by this demeanour?—'I can allow Mr. Godwin, 'and other speculative writers on go-'vernment, to be ingenious. I can 'laugh at their metaphysics, and even 'be amused with their pantomime fan-'cies, *as such*. But, when I know that 'their theories are designed to be 'brought into action, and when they 'tell us, that they hate violence, blood-'shed, revolution, and misery, and that 'truth and happiness are their objects, 'I open my eyes to see, and my ears 'to hear; and, having honestly exerted 'both faculties, I declare, from private 'conviction and from public expe-'rience, that I oppose the admission of 'their doctrines, whether recommend-'ed by Thomas Paine or William 'Godwin.'

Lastly, on the question of liberality, a quality which I attribute in a high degree to this writer, and which is enough to secure him a great character, let us hear him on the name of *philosophy*, that name on which the meaner disciples of his school imagine, in our day, to be the legitimate butt of every thing that low-minded folly can invent or echo:—'Great and venerable is the 'name of the true philosophy. The 'word may be disgraced for a season; 'but the *love of wisdom* must always 'command respect.' *Dialogue* III, *final note*.

Mr. Oldschool, governed by the principle avowed by the author himself, 'I defend no faults in any man's works'—I have not suffered my general partiality to lead me into an entire contradiction of those who charge him with vanity, with *insufferable vanity;* but I flatter myself that the impression which my observations are calculated to make, is, that the *vanity*, though it may be real, is not quite so gross or so universal, as to be insufferable. I think that I have so far succeeded in the task of vindication, as to reduce the number of sustainable charges. To be believed to be the sole author of the book, is a point which the writer has certainly much at heart; and, as this point is of no importance in a public view, we cannot but attribute the anxiety betrayed concerning it, to private, personal, and egotistical feelings; feelings which we can readily pardon; but then, to offer pardon is to impeach: feelings, in short, which we do not so much think it weakness to entertain, as to betray.

Admitting this charge, which surely is not capital, what remains? I think that there must be an acquittal upon all the rest. The author's consciousness of the excellence or greatness of his design I should be sorry to say I have defended; for it can need defence from no man: I have given it my applause. His contempt of the strength of his adversaries is what every champion who feels, may express. His remarks on his own situation in life are real illustrations of his work: it is valuable to know, that we are not listening to the spleen or prejudices of any professional man, of any profession whatever; and the author's declaration assists us in discovering the fact. As to the concluding sentence of the paragraph to which I am now alluding *(Introductory Letter)*, it has been printed by his critics with an emphatic word, calculated to support the charge of vanity in regard to the work; but the emphasis is forced, and not only forced, but false:—'But if my laurel, which I have *now* 'planted, should thicken round the 'temple of my retirement, the pillars 'will support it. The materials are 'solid, and the ground is firm.' The true emphasis is this:—'But, if my 'laurel which I have now *planted*, 'should *thicken* round the temple of 'my retirement, the pillars will *support* 'it.' &c. And where is the dreadful, the *insufferable vanity* of this? What is the meaning of the allegory? The author has previously said, 'Privacy is 'my lot.'—He says, I am a private unknown man; I am now adventuring a

candidate into the world, now *planting* a laurel; it may drag my name from obscurity; it may *thicken* round the temple of my retirement: but I have the satisfaction to know, that my character has nothing to fear from notoriety; the pillars will support it, the materials are solid, and the ground is firm:—I am a private, unknown man; but, become known when I will, I shall never be found to be but an honorable one. Is this vanity? Is this a vain, an empty, a trivial motive of exultation? Is it not possible for a man to risk the illustration of a dishonored name? and may not an unknown man be allowed to indulge no vanity, but an honest pride (which God grant we may none of us ever want!) in making this declaration? or may he not so far endeavour to prepossess the world in his behalf?—Unknown, I am open to the assault of every prejudice: I tell you, that, if *known*, I should not be despised.—He says, I have now *planted* a laurel; but the critic supposes him to say, I have *now* planted a laurel. He means, I have now *planted* a laurel, which may or may not thrive; but, if it should, I shall not blush to be found under it.—He dares kindle a light; for he is not afraid that we should see his face.—As to the rest, here, as elsewhere, he might have delivered himself with less ambiguity.

To the charge of vanity, as it respects his poetical talents, I confess, that I am *vain* enough to think that I have given a satisfactory reply; and thus I am free to return to my position, that the vanity of being allowed to be the *sole* author of the book is the unremovable stain. It was chiefly to lessen the *insufferableness* of this, by setting by its side some *memoranda* of the transcendent merits of the work, that I thought I could usefully write; and this task I shall now bring to an end by transcribing the conclusion of the preface to the first dialogue, in which will be seen the sentiments, not of vanity, but of the best principle of action:—

'We may (for we can) all of us contribute to the assistance, and the comfort, and the good of others, and to the stability of social happiness. The sword, the voice, and the pen must be resolutely and decisively called into action for defence, for counsel, for admonition, and for censure. Satirical writing I must submit to the imputation of ill-nature, though I see no necessary connection between them. In my opinion, satire has nothing to do with good-nature or with ill-nature. Its office respects the public good alone, and the interests of the community. It is frequently designed *to supply the laws* in all cases which are beyond their jurisdiction. From such courts it appeals to perhaps a still higher tribunal, that of public opinion, character and reputation.

'Such are my ideas; yet I am sure I have nothing of the wild American in my composition; I never wished to destroy any man, either to inherit his wit or plunder him of his understanding. But, I will bow to no Cyrill of Alexandria, to no executive director of a modern republic, to no lordly president of factious councils, of democratic delegates, or of societies in open defiance of established authority in regulated empires. There is darkness mixed with fire, and volumes of smoke are rolling from the mouth of the cavern. I love no atheist, French bishops, nor unfrocked grammarians in England. We must *now* all assist in our various capacities, and feel and act as public men. In times like these, we may assume a virtue, a character, a courage, and a firmness not originally our own. I protest, I have no private animosity in my nature; but I come forth (boldly enough I confess, but as I ought to do) in behalf of my country, her literature, her laws, her religion, and her government. Nor would I publish this poem, *but from a full conviction of its tendency to promote the public welfare*, in its degree and according to its subject, when it is (if ever it should be) *studied* and considered with impartiality.'

The words underlined in this passage as well as in that first above quoted, are printed by the author, in the Italic character.

METOICOS.

MEMOIRS OF CUMBERLAND.

[This interesting work, which has lately appeared in America, will not fail of being read and admired, by every man of science and taste. It is replete with events that come home to the feelings, and engage, with the warmth and ardour of friendship, those social and endearing affections, which God has infused into our nature, for the wisest and most benevolent purposes. Mr. *Cumberland*, in tracing the various actions of his own life, and delineating the outlines of those, with whom he had communion and fellowship, during a long course of literary and political labours, has uniformly evinced the character of a scholar, a poet, a statesman, and a christian.—It is impossible to read this work, without profit and instruction; or to close a sentence of it without feeling an emotion of esteem for its distinguished author.—We shall resort frequently to the subject, and doubt not our selections will be highly approved of.]

EXTRACTS.

"At the close of the year 1804, whilst I am still in possession of my faculties, though full of years, I sit down to give a history of my life and writings. I do not undertake the task lightly and without deliberation, for I have weighed the difficulties, and am prepared to meet them. I have lived so long in this world, mixed so generally with mankind, and written so voluminously and so variously, that I trust my motives cannot be greatly misunderstood, if with strict attention to truth, and in simplicity of style, I pursue my narrative, saying nothing more of the immediate object of these memoirs, than in honour and conscience I am warranted to say."

Speaking of Dr. Richard Bentley, his maternal grandfather, Mr. Cumberland remarks: "He recommended it as a very essential duty in parents to be particularly attentive to the first dawnings of reason in their children; and his own practice was the best illustration of his doctrine; for he was the most patient hearer and most favourable interpreter of first attempts at argument and meaning that I ever knew. When I was rallied by my mother, for roundly asserting that I *never slept*, I remember full well his calling on me to account for it; and when I explained it by saying I never knew myself to be asleep, and therefore supposed I never slept at all, he gave me credit for my defence, and said to my mother, 'Leave your boy in possession of his opinion; he has as clear a conception of sleep, and at least as comfortable an one, as the philosophers who puzzle their brains about it, and do not rest so well."

Speaking of the same character, he observes: "When the *Spectators* were in publication I have heard my mother say he took great delight in hearing them read to him, and was particularly amused with the character of Sir Roger de Coverley; that he took his literary decease most seriously to heart. She also told me, that, when in conversation with him on the subject of his works, she found occasion to lament that he had bestowed so great a portion of his time and talents upon criticism, instead of employing them upon original composition, he acknowledged the justice of her regret with extreme sensibility, and remained for a considerable time thoughtful, and seemingly embarrassed by the nature of her remark; at last, recollecting himself, he said, "Child, I am sensible I have not always turned my talents to the proper use for which I should presume they were given to me:—yet I have done something for the honor of my God, and the edification of my fellow creatures:—but the wit and genius of those old heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads was to get upon their shoulders."

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The language of true feeling partakes of the same strain in every mouth. Opening Cowper's letters to-day, I was impressed with the strong resemblance the poet's seventy-fourth Familar Epistle bears to one in the Sorrows of Werter: 'When my father died,' says Cowper, 'I was young, too young to 'have reflected much. He was rector 'of Berkhamstead, and there I was 'born. There was neither tree, nor 'gate..... I was sent for

'from London to attend him in his last 'illness, and he died just before I ar- 'rived. Then, and not till then, I felt, 'for the first time, that I and my na- 'tive place were disunited forever.'

I am always thrown into violent fits and starts when I see Goethe's exalted work in the hands of a female merely gregarious.

'What book, miss,—permit me— 'are you reading?'

'The Sorrows of Werter, sir.'

'You admire it, miss Wilhelmina?'

'Oh! a lovely style, sir.'

'That is——hem.'—

'The style is very *handsome*, sir.'

'You have read the whole of it?'

'Oh! through and through, sir.'

'What scene, miss, particularly in- 'terested you?'

'Oh, sir! where Charlotte is cutting 'bread and butter for the children.'

P. S. I was going to make a comparison; but, comparisons, as Mrs. Slipslop says, are *odorous*.

I am, &c.

X. Y.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Addison's satire is always accompanied with a smile. The following paragraphs are proofs:

"About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up and put on my magical ring; and with a thought transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a slattern. Her head-dress and one of her shoes lay upon a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle, that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her cloaths together, to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bedside; when, to my great surprise, after a little muttering, she cried out, 'What do you do? let my petticoat alone.' I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who, to use Shakspeare's expression, are 'so loose of thought' that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I now left the apartment of this female rake."

"The first person that passed by me was a lady that had a particular shyness in the cast of her eyes, and a more than ordinary reservedness in all the parts of her behaviour. She seemed to look upon man as an obscene creature, with a certain scorn and fear of him. In the height of her airs, I touched her gently with my wand, when, to my unspeakable surprise, she fell upon her back and kicked up her heels in such a manner, as made me blush in my sleep. As I was hasting away from this undisguised prude, I saw a lady in earnest discourse with another, and overheard her say with some vehemence, 'never tell me of him, for I am resolved to die a virgin.' I had a curiosity to try her; but as soon as I laid my wand upon her head, she immediately fell in labour. My eyes were diverted from her by a man and his wife, who walked near me hand in hand, after a very loving manner! I gave each of them a gentle tap, and the next instant saw the woman in breeches and the man with a fan in his hand."

Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing. It is in fact no other than beautiful nature, without affectation or extraneous ornament. In statuary, it is the Venus of Medicis; in architecture, the Pantheon.

Once, alas! a heart I had
Gay as May-day morning,
Till, by chance I met a lad,
That day was sorrow's dawning.
The lad he play'd a lover's part,
And seem'd so blithe and merry,
That soon I lost my simple heart,
To Pat of Londonderry.

He vow'd my hopes he'd never blight,
But, ne'er his promise keeping,
Tho' oft he swore my eyes were bright,
He dimm'd those eyes by weeping:
And now he fills that heart with pain
He found so blithe and merry,
Ah, could I get my heart again,
From Pat of Londonderry!

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK,

Well authenticated, but not generally known.

It may be recollected, that the avenue, leading to the boxes of old Drury, was through Vinegar Yard. In this passage an old Spider, better known, perhaps, by the name of a Procuress, had spread her web, alias, opened a bagnio, and obtained a plentiful living by preying on those who unfortunately or imprudently fell into her clutches. Those who are not unacquainted with *Haddocks* will understand the *loose fish* I allude to, who beset her doors, and accosted with smiles or insults every one that passed. It happened that a noble lord, in his way to the Theatre, with his two daughters under his arm, was grossly attacked by this band of 'flaming ministers.' He immediately went behind the scenes, and insisted on seeing Mr. Garrick, to whom he represented his case, and so roused the vengeance of the little manager, that he instantly, full of wrath, betook himself to this unholy Sybil,

'Twin child with Cacus; Vulcan was their sire;
Foul offspring both of healthless fumes and fire.'

Finding her at the mouth of her cavern, he quickly gave vent to his rage in the most buskined strain, and concluded by swearing that he would have her ousted. To this assault she was not backward in reply, but soon convinced him that she was much more powerful in abusive eloquence than Roscious, though he had recourse in his speech to Milton's 'hell born bitch,' and other phrases of similar celebrity, whilst she depended on her own natural resources. Those to whom this oratory is not new have no need of my reporting any of it; and those to whom it is a perfect mistery, boast a 'state more gracious,' and are the more happy for their ignorance. None of this rhapsody, however, although teeming with blasphemy and abuse, had any effect on Garrick, and he would have remained unmoved, had she not terminated in the following manner, which so excited the laughter of the collected mob, and disconcerted 'the soul of Richard,' that, without another word to say, he hastily took shelter in the Theatre. Putting her arms a-kimbo, and letting down each side of her mouth with wonderful expression of contempt, she exclaimed: 'You whipper snapper; you oust me? You be d—d! My house is as good as yours; aye, and better too. I can come into yours whenever I like, and see the best you can do for a *shilling*; but damme, if you, or any body else, shall come into mine for less than a *fifteen-penny* negus!'

A WESTERLY BREEZE.

The late Mr. Hall, author of the Crazy Tales, was with all his wit and humour often oppressed with very unpleasant hypochondriac affections. In one of these fits, at Skelton Castle, in Yorkshire, he kept his chamber, talked of death and the east winds in synonymous terms, and could not be persuaded by his friends to mount his horse and dissipate his blue devils by air and exercise. Mr. Sterne, who was at this time one of his visitants, finding that no reason could prevail against the fancies of his friend, bribed an active boy to scale the turrets of the castle, turn the weather-cock due west, and fasten it with a chord to that point. Mr. Hall arose from his bed as usual, oppressed and unhappy, when casting his eyes through a bow window to the turret, and seeing the wind due west, he immediately joined his company at breakfast, ordered his horse to be saddled, and enlivened the morning's ride with his facetious humour—execrating easterly winds, and launching forth in praise of western breezes. This continued for three or four days, till, unfortunately, the chord breaking which fastened the weather-cock, it turned at once to the easterly position, and Mr. Hall retreated to his chamber, without having the least suspicion of the trick which his cousin Shandy had played upon him.

THE THEATRE.—Another disturbance happened last night at Covent Garden Theatre, in consequence of the absence of Cooke, who was to have performed *Peregrine*, in the Comedy of *John Bull*, but who did not attend and could not be found.—Kemble came forward, and

made a liberal excuse for Cooke, conceiving that some untoward accident had detained him. At length, after a scene of turbulence and confusion, Brunton was suffered to read the part, and the Comedy went off tolerably well. We have a respect for the talents of Cooke, and understand that, except in moments of *revelry*, he conducts himself very properly in private life; but his frequent acts of negligence in professional duty deserve severe reprobation, and are calculated wholly to exhaust the patient toleration of the public.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

In the reign of Queen Ann, in 1704, several freemen of the borough of Aylesburgh had been refused the liberty of voting at an election for a member of Parliament, though they proved their qualifications as such. The law in this case imposes a fine on the returning officer of 1000l. for every offence. On this principle they applied to Lord Chief Justice Holt, who desired the officer to be arrested. The house of commons, alarmed at this step, passed an order in the house to make it penal for either judge, counsel or attorney, to assist at the trial; however, the Lord Chief Justice, and several lawyers, were hardy enough to oppose this order, and brought it to the court of King's bench. The house, highly irritated at this contempt of their order, sent a sergeant at arms for the Judge to appear before them; but that resolute defender of the laws bade him, with a voice of authority, begone; on which they sent a second message by their speaker, attended by as many members as espoused the measure. After the Speaker had delivered the message, his Lordship replied to him in the following remarkable words: "Go back to your chair, Mr. Speaker, within these five minutes, or you may depend on it I will send you to Newgate: you speak of your authority, but I tell you I sit here as an interpreter of the laws, and a distributor of justice; and were the whole house of commons in your belly, I would not stir one step." The Speaker was prudent enough to retire, and the house were equally prudent to let the affair drop.

ODE TO MEDITATION.

Oh! guide me to some moonlight glade,
To rural ways, or silent shade,
Where silver streams o'er beds of amber flow;
To hear the merry bells, or shepherd's lute,
That cheer the sylvan scene when all is mute,
Averting oft the secret powers of woe.
Attend me, as the setting day
The western hills with varied light illumes,
And, on the battlements of ruin near,
The lonely redbreast sings a farewel lay,
For then I love to pace the grass-worn way
Through church-yard dim, and midst the mould'ring tombs
To drop the sacred tribute of a tear.
But when the funeral hymn is heard to swell
Along the twilight pathway on the gale,
Then meet me in some sainted pile,
Where gloomy horror seems to smile,
And glim'ring tapers cast a feeble light
Upon the sculptur'd mansions of the dead;
Dark seat of silent Melancholy.
Or if I seek yon gloomy spreading yew,
When death-birds pierce with shrieks the ear of night,
To weep beside misfortune's cold death-bed,
O'ergrown with deadly weeds of sable hue,
Teach me to feel the sorrows that I mourn
Of those departed; let the breath of Folly
Taint not the mind with thoughts unholy,
But, as with inspiration fraught, its powers display,
Whilst Friendship bends to kiss the hallow'd clay.
Sublimely when the bosom of the ocean swells,
And billows onward roll with hideous roar,
Lashing with idle rage th' impending steep,
Then let me feel the impulse of thy power,
In sea-worn cliffs, or hollow winding dells,
That echo the wild howlings of the deep,
And the loud groan of misery,
The sea-bird's scream, and lover's frantic cry—
As sinks the shatter'd bark deep in the foaming tide.

Mountains forcibly strike the imagination, and excite our curiosity. There is not, perhaps, any thing in all nature that impresses an unaccustomed spectator with such ideas of awful solemnity as these immense piles of Nature's erecting, that seem to mock the minuteness of human magnificence.

The following witty poem makes a very conspicuous and brilliant figure in one of the most elegant of the English Poetical Miscellanies.

EUPHROSYNE,

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

Says Venus one day to her vagabond son,
Where so fast, you sly rogue, with those darts do you run?
What unfortunate maid have you destin'd to die
By the grace of a limb, or the glance of an eye?
Is woman your aim?—Prithee tell me the truth,
Or hast thou resolv'd that some innocent youth
Should burn by the torch that you wave in your hand?
Though small be its flame, 'tis a terrible brand.
The undutiful boy to his mother replies,
What boots it to *you* by my arrow who dies?
Or whom by my torch I've resolv'd to destroy,
An unfortunate maid or an innocent boy,
But since, like your son, you are curious to know,
I'll tell you the business that takes me below:
A poet there lives in a place where a tree
Overshadows the door, and his death I decree.
Not always I feign with my tears and my tricks;
And I swear, by the flood of implacable styx,
I'll roast him alive for my pastime to-morrow,
For wo is my joy, and my pleasure is sorrow.

Tormentor of maids and destroyer of men,
(Resumes the gay queen, as she questions again),
With your joys and your woes will you never have *done?*
And when did the poet offend you, my son?
Should song and the muses refine with their fire
The soul of the bard and their raptures inspire,
Must he die for your sport? and has mischief decreed
On Feeling's own altar its victim should bleed?

Ah, spare him! but when were you known to hear reason,
Though frequent your visits, they're never in season,
Yet mind me for once—I'm in search of a dove
That one of my Graces purloin'd from a Love.
I miss'd it this morn; and it certainly flew
To the regions below with that hussey Miss Eu,
If the thief and the theft to my arms you restore,
A kiss shall be yours, or perhaps something more.
Her grief he regards with a laugh, and ah hah!
'Tis little you know of the matter, mamma,
Rejoin'd the young rogue. Don't you know it was I
Sent *Phrossy* to earth with your dove from the sky,
Sweet *Phrossy*, whose taste and whose elegance stole
From Virtue her grace—the mild grace of the soul,
Nor grieve, dear mamma, that the fugitive Eu
Gives *one* grace to earth while the skies have their *two;*
Your dove she conceals in the heaven of her breast,
And that mansion of peace he mistakes for his nest;
To ***** they flew: I directed them there,
And all that behold shall adore and despair.
The poet shall pray, but his prayer shall be vain,
He never knew pleasure who never knew pain,
To-morrow he dies! and I'll sharpen his thorn
With the sting of disdain and the anvil of scorn,
In *****'s lov'd person strike home to his heart,
And Euphrosyne's self shall determine the dart.

Among a company of honest Pats in the purlieus of St. Giles's, it was proposed by the host to make a gift of a couple of fowls to him that off hand should write six lines of his own composing. Several of the merry crew attempted unsuccessfully to gain the prize. At length the *wittiest* among them thus ended the contest:—

"Good friends if I'm to make a *po'm,*
Excuse me if I just step *home;*
Two lines already!—be not *cru'l,*
Consider honies, I'm a *fool.*
There's four lines! now I'll gain the *fowls,*
With which I soon shall fill my *bowl's.*"

LORD ERSKINE is the first Statesman who is known to have danced, during his possession of the Great Seal, since the days of Elizabeth, when there was a Lord Keeper, who, like him, united gaiety of manners with great talents and integrity.—Gray alludes to this in these lines,

"My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The Seals and Maces danc'd before him."

The style of Hosea, above all the other prophets, is vehement and impassioned; it is poetical in the very highest degree. In maxim solemn, sententious, brief: in persuasion pathetic; in reproof severe; in its allusions always beautiful and striking, often sublime; rich in its images; bold in hyperbole; artificial though perspicuous in its allegory: possessing, in short, according to the variety of the matter, all the characters by which poetry in any language is distinguished from prose. —The close of his prophecies much resembles those moral sentences with which the Greek tragedies are usually closed by the chorus. But, for the weightiness of the matter, and the simplicity, brevity and solemnity of easy unaffected diction, it is not to be equalled by any thing the attic Muse, in her soberest mood, ever produced.

The great end of prudence, says Dr. Johnson, is to give cheerfulness to those hours, which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all the effect when they become familiar. *To be happy at home* is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

One day, the prince of ——— had taken with him in his carriage a very great talker, who, by his continued loquacity, had set the prince asleep. The orator, impatient of any inattention, pulled the prince frequently by the sleeve. "My good friend," replied the prince, "either let me rest, or do not talk me to sleep."

For the Port Folio.

OBITUARY.

On the 1st ultimo, Society was deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, and her friends of an invaluable blessing, by the sudden death of Mrs. ANNA RANDOLPH CRAIK, the truly amiable consort of the honorable William Craik, late one of the members for the State of Virginia in the House of Representatives of the United States. She was the daughter of William Fitzhugh, Esquire, of Alexandria.

This lady had accompanied her husband to Bath, for the benefit of his health; soon after their arrival there, she was attacked by symptoms of Nervous Fever, which induced them to endeavour to return, but by the time she reached Martinsburgh, the disease had advanced in so rapid and alarming a manner, that they could proceed no further, and there, in the course of a few days, in defiance of every possible exertion of medical skill, the irresistible mandate of Death summoned her to give an account of her Stewardship. She left this world in the 24th year of her age. "What *pathos* in the date!"

Inshrined in as delicate and beautiful a form as ever graced the female character, she possesed a mind enriched by general information, and polished by every polite accomplishment, together with a disposition mild, animated, and affectionate, and a heart glowing with the purest and most active impulses of benevolence.

This singular assemblage of virtues and of excellences was dignified and refined by a confirmed attachment to the Christian religion, and the most exemplary observance of all the rites and ceremonies of the Protestant Episcopal church, of which she was a member.

Her deportment in domestic life was such as excited the admiration and affection of all who enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance. Thus,

"Early, bright, transient, chaste, like morning dew,
"She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heav'n.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

Lines occasioned by attending the Examination of the Students in St. Mary's College, Baltimore.

Ye happy youths, who tread, with willing feet,
The path to Learning's venerable seat;
Where Truth's fair form in classic shades is found,
And Science breathes her inspiration round;
Oh say, while Youth yet folds you in her arms,
And Hope yet flatters with delusive charms,
While Joy attends companion of your way,
And no dark cloud obscures your infant day,
How sweet to range the Academic bow'r,
And cull with eager hand each classic flow'r:
To dwell with rapture on each mighty name
That shines resplendent on the roll of fame,
And catch a spark of that celestial fire
That rous'd the hero, or that wak'd the lyre!
How sweet to dwell on Homer's glowing line,
Homer the great High Priest of all the Nine:
And hear the letter'd prince of Roman song
Pour the rich tide of melody along:
With festive Horace—sprightliest son of mirth,
Whom attic doves instructed at his birth,
Press the rich clusters of the teeming vine,
And pledge, in lyric draughts, the tuneful Nine:
Or list the Tean bard, whose sportive soul
Glows in his verse and sparkles in his bowl,
Thrill all the madd'ning raptures of his lyre,
While melting spirits wanton on the wire:
Or, if the mind in sorrow love to share,
And seek another's load of grief to bear;
Then pensive pour o'er Curtius' flow'ry page,
And mourn th' effects of Macedonian rage,
Sigh for Darius from his empire hurl'd,
A splendid ruin to instruct the world.

Not to the ancients only are confin'd
The various pleasures of the student's mind.
'Tis his with fancy's eye to range each clime,
And e'en arrest the 'feather'd feet of Time,'
To pierce wherever truth or science shone,
And make the labours of the world his own.
Hence, tho' to one small spot of earth confin'd,
We view the daring ardour of his mind
Look thro' all nature with a single glance,
Shew what depends on fate, and what on chance,
With Newton trace the comet on its way,
Or count each beam of light that gilds the day,
Delighted mark the varied planets' roll,
And own the wise concordance of the whole;
With Locke and Reid unfold the inward man,
And each fine-spring of human action scan;
The secret chambers of the mind explore,
And feast the soul with metaphysic lore.

These are the sweets that crown your rising hours,
That strew your infant path of life with flowers,
That in yon hallow'd walls delight to dwell
And lure her votaries to learning's cell;
For you the world yet spreads no wily snare,
For peace and angel innocence are there.

Oh! may ye learn, beneath his* fostering hand,
To whom is lent the promise of our land,
Whose liberal soul, enlighten'd and refin'd,
Delights in all the good of all mankind,
Delights to form to truth the infant breast,
And blessing others is himself most blest;
Oh, may ye learn t' improve the precious hour
Which heav'n indulgent places in your pow'r;
To wake each noble impulse of the soul,
Restrain each passion under just control,
To own the finer feelings of the heart
And bid the sigh at others' sorrows start,
To view misfortune with a pang sincere,
And give to misery pity's tenderest tear.
Oh, cherish, in your commerce with mankind,
The dear instinctive sympathies of mind,
And ever be with this great truth imprest,
'Tis virtue beams the sunshine of the breast.
But most of all Religion's sacred pow'r
Cheers pilgrim man thro' life's sad varying hour.
To her in awful reverence we bend;
The atheist's terror—but the Christian's friend.
Hail! meek Religion, 'tis to thee we owe
Each source of bliss, each antidote of woe;
'Tis thine, when clouds life's transient day deform,
To lift the sinking soul above the storm,
To beam the smile serene, the transport even,
And grant a foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.

And thou,† to whom in gratitude belong
The heart's warm tribute and the muse's song,
Who led'st my infant steps to learning's shrine,
And taught'st me to revere her form divine,

---

* The Rev. William Dubourg, President of the College.

† The writer of these lines was formerly a pupil of Mr. Dubourg's.

Taught'st me, when journeying thro' life's turbid ways,
Where sorrows thicken, and where hope decays,
Where those desert us whom we held most dear,
And nought is left for misery but a tear,
To raise, like Anaxagoras, my eyes,
And place my hopes of bliss beyond the skies,
To seek, resign'd, Religion's fair abode,
And rest my hopes and sorrows with my God.
Oh! may'st thou long, to us and science dear,
Defer thy flight to heav'n and linger here;
Still linger here, a blessing to mankind,
And perfect what thy mighty soul design'd.
And when at length, thy course of virtue run,
We mark the lustre of thy setting sun;
When the last hour shall come, when we must part,
(Oh, fatal truth, that rends the poet's heart)
May no rude pangs thy parting soul annoy,
But dreams of bliss thy latest hour employ;
Beam comfort round, and cheer thee to the last,
May soothing recollection of the past,
While joyful angels point thy trackless way
To blissful regions of æternal day.

B———.

Baltimore, August 31st, 1805.

EPIGRAMS.

When quacks as quacks may, by good luck, to be sure,
Blunder out at haphazard a desperate cure,
In the prints of the day with due pomp and parade,
Case, patient, and doctor are amply display'd:
All this is quite just, and no mortal can blame it,
If they save a man's life, they've a right to proclaim it,
But there's reason to think they might save more lives still,
Did they publish a list of the numbers they kill.

You tell us, doctor, 'tis a sin to *steal!*
We to your practice from your text appeal;
You *steal* a sermon, *steal* a nap; and pray
From dull companions don't you *steal* away.

Who in his *cups* will only fight, is like
The clock that must be *oil'd* well, ere it *strike.*

THE THIRSTY AUTHOR.

You often pity honest Ned,
Condemn'd, you say, to write for *bread,*
His liberal soul, till *Dobson* pays,
Still doom'd to fast or chew the bays.
Yet, by that jovial, ruddy look,
Not gain'd by poring o'er his book,
That clammy ale his table spilt on,
That tankard, cover'd with a Milton;
By all these tokens, Ned, I fear,
Writes not so much for *bread, as beer!*

ISSUE JOINED.

Aye! honesty's a jewel, Richard cried,
That shines the clearer still the more 'tis try'd:
True Dick, quoth Jeremy, yourself may show it,
Your honesty's so clear—we all *see through it.*

The gamester broke down by a run of ill-fate,
Turns author and politic-monger for pay,
From a cheat on the cards becomes quack in the state,
And shuffles in print as he shuffled at play,
The same inspiration both characters catch,
For the gamester's Old Nick is the scribbler's Old Scratch.

Old Gulo, one day, gravely shaking his head,
To his comrades a lecture of temperance read:
In all eating and drinking proportion pursue;
That's my method, said he, and indeed he said true,
For, wherever good wine—and good venison be found,
He would drink ye three bottles, and eat ye three pound.

When a bard o'er his pipe a dull ditty composes,
And critics unmerciful turn up their noses,
With anonymous praises the papers he stuffs,
And the offspring of whiffs is the parent of puffs.

Bet, if kind heaven would grant to me
A leash of beauties, such as thee,
I'd give the devil, at one word,
Two, if he'd take away the third.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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